

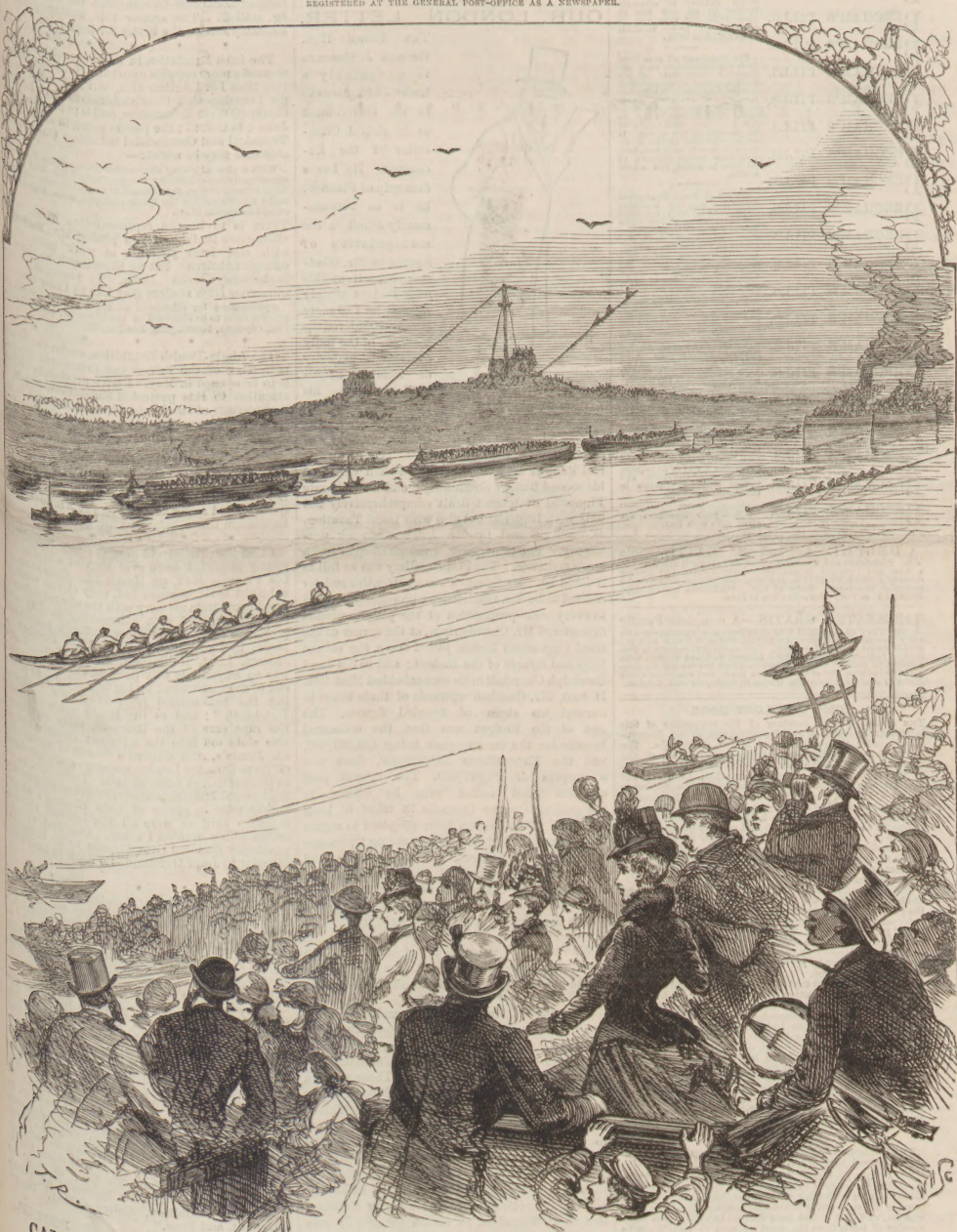
No. 1400.—Vol. 54

MARCH 31, 1888

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.



CAMBRIDGE WINNING THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.—(Sketched from the "Ship" at Mortlake).

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All the principal Dispensaries and Patent Medicine Dealers in the United Kingdom.

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PRESENTED GRATIS.—A complete Family OFFICE OF RUBBER TYPE, by Mr. James, give with every one-shilling bottle of CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BONS GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK. This is the first complete set of Indelible Alphabetical Letters, Pairs and Holder, with engraved in Bottle. Gentlemen—order and have the same delivered by the Dispatch of the late John Bond. Sold everywhere, and direct by sending 15 stamps to Works, 75, Southgate-road, London.

HOME FOR LOST DOGS.

The annual general meeting of the supporters of this institution was held on Monday afternoon, at 105, Jernyn-street, under the presidency of Mr. G. S. Meason. The report stated that the president, the Earl of Oxford, and other members of the committee submitted an address to the Queen at the Royal Albert Hall, to which her Majesty was graciously pleased to make the following reply:—"I thank you for your loyal and dutiful address on the completion of the fifteenth year of my reign. The object of your association appears to be deserving of the greatest sympathy and commendation; and your solicitude for the welfare of dogs, the friends of man, who have shown so much real, fidelity, and affection in the service of mankind, is the fitting complement of the charity which strives to comfort and encourage the unfortunate and afflicted members of our own race."

The report added that the number of dogs which entered the house last year was considerably smaller than during the previous twelve months—a natural result of the rigorous enforcement of the police orders respecting stray dogs, issued in 1885 and 1886. The committee reported the 12,851 dogs were brought into their kennels during 1887, of which 12,598 were delivered by the metropolitan police, 79 by the City police, and 233 by private persons; the remaining dog strayed into the house.

The records showed that the new homes found for dogs in 1886 bore a proportion of 171 per cent to the total number of dogs received in the kennels during that year; while that proportion increased to 242 per cent as regards the dogs of 1887. There had been a decrease of rabies, which, as relating to the inmates of the house, amounted almost to the extinction of that dreadful disease. Of the 12,851 dogs delivered to them last year, only 17 were affected with rabies. Their financial position had not improved during the past year as regards the balance at disposal, though they had been enabled practically to pay off all liabilities, except a mortgage. The chairman moved the adoption of the report, which was seconded by Mr. Colman, and unanimously agreed to.

The Goldsmiths' Company have made a grant of £20 to the Eidswood Asylum for Idiots.

"MAN THE LIFE-BEAT."—It was stated in a report presented at the annual meeting of the National Life-Boat Institution on Saturday that the number of last year, the number of boats under the management of the institution was 291, and that it had been decided to withdraw a large number of boats from the coast, as possibly to be replaced by others superior in their construction and fittings.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

The Penny Illustrated Paper.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1888.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE J. GOSCHEN is undeniably a tower of strength to the Government as its skilful Chancellor of the Exchequer. He has a firm grip of Finance; he is as consummately adroit in the manipulation of figures as Mr. Gladstone himself; and his first Budget plainly showed he had more closely considered the interests of the sadly overtaxed majority of humble householders than his most illustrious predecessor in the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

Had done of late years. Mr. Goschen delivered his second Budget on Monday; and his elaborate Financial Statement dealt comprehensively not only with Imperial but also with Local Taxation, as foreshadowed by Mr. Ritchie a week previously. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had a large audience. The Peers' Gallery was as full as it could be. Mr. Goschen's most attentive auditor seemed to be Mr. Gladstone, who eagerly listened to every new proposition of the plastic-minded financier. Mr. Chamberlain, at the corner of the front Opposition bench, jotted down the salient facts and figures of the Budget; and so did Lord Randolph Churchill in his corner behind Ministers. It took Mr. Goschen upwards of three hours to unravel his skein of tangled figures. The gist of the Budget was that the estimated income for the ensuing year being £89,287,000, and the Expenditure £86,910,000, there was a surplus of £2,377,000. The largest part of this good round sum he offered to the coming County Councils in relief of local taxation. Mr. Goschen then proposed to regain the amount thus given away by taxing "pleasure horses" and carriages, and heavy carts and vehicles, champagnes and other costly wines, limited liability companies, Stock contracts, &c.; his laudable object being to cut a penny off the Income Tax, leaving a surplus of £212,000.

Who wouldn't welcome a "windfall"? I am told a good round legacy awaits the descendants of the old Huguenot families in the East-End.

I am assured there is no Pall-mall club more exclusive than one or two of the old Huguenot clubs still existing in Bethnal-green, where hereditary descent is as essential for admission as in the House of Lords itself. These modern Huguenots must be singularly independent, or they would be prompt to secure for their children the educational advantages offered by the legacy to which I have alluded. I hear on good authority that the Huguenots have only to formulate a rational scheme of education for their youngsters, and have but to make the necessary application to the Charity Commissioners at Whitehall, to obtain the goodly sum that has been left them for this laudable purpose.

Success to the coming Irish Exhibition in London! I hail this Industrial Exhibition with especial pleasure and hope. For two reasons. The Irish Exhibition at Olympia is bound to encourage the industries and trade of Ireland, and thereby revive the prosperity of the island. Inasmuch as Conservatives and Liberals, Liberal Unionists and Home Rulers, the creation and sole remaining unattached member of the "Fourth Party," and all classes of politicians are in the list of patrons, this Exhibition may promise to be a friendly one in which it may be that the ticklish question of the satisfactory form of Local Self-Government for Ireland may be settled. The sooner this knotty point is amicably settled the better for both Isles.

The Irish Exhibition in London could not have secured a more capable or urbane Honorary Secretary than Lord Arthur Hill, M.P. I learn from his Lordship that the Exhibition is to be held at Olympia, West Kensington, and is to be open from June 4 to Oct. 27; the profits going in aid of Irish Technical and Commercial Schools. One admirable rule may be noted:—

With a view of giving the humble Irish artisan the opportunity of exhibiting the products of his skill at the large manufacturer, the Council have wisely determined to make no charge for the space occupied in the Exhibition.

There is to be the representation of an Irish village (not Bodke), if you please, Mr. Baillif, with real Irish peasants at work upon their cottage industries, but no Clanciarde ad hominem barbarously evict them, I presume, numerous Irish readers may like to know that Applications for allotment of space must be made on printed form to be obtained of the Manager, Irish Exhibition, Olympia, Kensington, London, W.

The Anglo-Danish Exhibition, under the patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, is to be opened in May. I have previously called attention to this projected Exhibition, as well as the interests of two kindred nations bid fair to be so well represented as to practically realize Tennyson's ringing lines:—

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we, Tooten or Coot, or whatever we be, Are each all Dane in our veins of thee.

Let me add that intending exhibitors desiring space should apply at once at the Anglo-Danish Exhibition Office, South Kensington.

I had the privilege to hear the most wonderful young pianist I have ever seen at a matinee at the Prince's Hall, on March 22. Otto Hegner, a bright little German lad, only eleven years of age, played from memory with the utmost delicacy of phrasing, and with astonishing facility and power, a selection of most difficult pianistic pieces by Bach, Mendelssohn, Raff, Beethoven, Mozart, Liszt, Rubinstein, and Weber. There was an exquisitely soft poetical expression in playing out of the instrument by his tiny fingers in "Plying the Spinnaker" from Wagner's "Parsifal," and as the liquid notes charmed the rapt ears of the listeners, their sweetest also stole out into the adjacent churchyard of St. James's, and elicited a chorus of approving chirrups from the London sparrows gaily carolling as if Spring had come at last. I chanced to sit next general Madame Balfe, who was as generously enthusiastic in praise of Otto Hegner's extraordinary skill as were all the learned and critical whos who opinion I asked. One and all of them phatically declared Otto Hegner to be infinitely superior to Josef Hofmann. So flock to hear Otto Hegner!

Nooks and corners of London in which lived eminent men of the past will have an enduring interest to those who read Mr. Laurence Hutton's engrossing handbook, "Literary Landmarks in London," a fourth and cheap edition of which has just been published by Mr. T. Fisher Dawson, 26, Paternoster-square.

Enjoy a night at the play—in fine—see the periwigs, doublets, and hose of Old London vividly revived by Mr. Tom Thorne "Hutton" at Parson Adams, in "Joseph's Sweetheart," at Vandeville. Then you will be well prepared for the morning, to take Mr. Laurence Hutton's your intelligent guide, and see Old London alive yet again in his "Literary Landmarks in London," by means of which it will be easy, as he points out, "in walking with Johnson and Boswell from the club in Gerard-street through Long-acre and Bow-street, to end by the way, on Dryden, Wycherley, Waller, Fielding, Charles Lamb, and Evelyn; to stop for refreshments at Will's, or Button's, or Tom's, with Steele, Addison, Colley Cibber, Pope, Davenant, and Pope."

[Town Edition.]

PHILIP.

Queen: Court: Fashion.

Tuz official record of the Court informed us that on Saturday last the Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, arrived at Florence at one p.m. Her Majesty was received at the railway-station by Sir John Savile Lumley, her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador, who presented the following:—General Paul, First Aide-de-Camp to his Majesty the King of Italy, and Colonel Caccianino, Master of the Ceremonies; Commandatore Simone Peruzzi, Commandatore Cosimo Peruzzi, Marchese Della Staffa, Marchese Tomomeli Biggi, Commandatore Foresti, Marchese Torregiani, Syndic of Florence, and Marchese Torregiani; Mr. Gadda, Prefect of Florence, and Madame Gadda; Mr. Colnaghi, British Consul-General, and Mrs. Colnaghi, who presented a bouquet to the Queen; the General Commanding the District, the Chief of the Police, the Colonel Commanding the Carabinieri forming the Queen's escort, and the Director of the Railway. The Queen drove through the city to Villa Belmonte, and was received there by the Dowager Countess of Crawford, by whom the villa has been placed at her Majesty's disposal. We give a less dry account on the next page.

The Prince of Wales left Croxteth Hall last Saturday, and drove to the railway station at Edge Hill Station, from which he travelled by special train to London. Before quitting Liverpool his Royal Highness cordially bade adieu to the Earl of Sefton and the Mayor of the city.

By command of the Queen a Drawing-room was held last Saturday afternoon at Buckingham Palace by the Princess of Wales. Her Royal Highness, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, and the members of the Royal family, took her station in front of the throne about three o'clock.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Major-General Ellis, was present at the ceremonial at Exeter Hall last Saturday evening in memory of the late Emperor of Germany.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, Louise, Victoria, George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service on Sunday.

Empress Victoria of Germany has written to the Queen, her mother, begging her to permit Sir Morell Mackenzie and Dr. Hovell to wear the Orders which the Emperor intends to bestow upon them. The former is to receive the Grand Cross and Star of the Order of the House of Hohenzollern, and the latter the same Order of a lower class. At the Court reception held by Empress Victoria in Berlin, last Saturday, it transpired that the improvement in Emperor Frederick's health continued.

So far as his general condition is concerned, indeed, the Emperor Frederick is just now in excellent health and spirits. He sleeps well, and his appetite is good, according to the *Standard's* correspondent, who added that on Sunday last he attended Divine service in the private chapel, together with the Empress, all his daughters, the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, and the whole *Maison Militaire*. Afterwards he took a walk with his family and Sir Morell Mackenzie in the Orangerie, and at one o'clock enjoyed a hearty luncheon. So great has been the improvement during the past week that Sir Morell Mackenzie hopes to leave Charlottenburg in eight or ten days, and return to London to attend to his other patients. His absence would not, however, be a long one, as it must never be forgotten that the Emperor's condition is still critical and unexpected complications may at any time occur.

President Carnot on Saturday last received Mr. Egerton, Secretary to the British Embassy, who conveyed to him Queen Victoria's condolences on the occasion of his father's death, as well as her Majesty's thanks for the courtesy and consideration which she received from the French authorities and people on her passage through France.

The Empress-Queen of Austria-Hungary and the Archduchess Marie Valerie attended mass last Sunday morning at Farm-street Jesuit Church. The Empress, attended by Countess Najfeldt, went out twice for walking exercise during the day.

Law and Police.

GOOD RIDDANCE TO "THE KING OF THE FORGERS."

SENTENCE of fifteen years' penal servitude was passed at the Central Criminal Court last Saturday on Ralph Cooper, described as a merchant, for forging a cheque for £3670 upon the London and Westminster Bank. The prisoner was spoken of by some of the witnesses as "King of the Forgers."

A THEATRICAL SUIT.

Before Mr. Baron Huddleston and a special jury at the Birmingham Assizes on Saturday Ada and Amy Graham, known as "the Sisters Graham," pantomime and music-hall artists, sued Messrs. James Rodgers and Son, lessees of the Prince of Wales Theatre, Birmingham, to recover £150 damages for wrongful dismissal. Miss Forrester was called, and said that when she took the part of the captain Miss Graham, instead of giving her her cue, deliberately laughed in her face very rudely and walked off the stage without finishing the line. The Judge (reading): The cue is "Our charming captain. Mate: What, with a divided skirt?" (Laughter.) The witness said Miss Graham called her a common woman, not fit to be on the stage.—A verdict was given for the defendants.

A MELANCHOLY SHOOTING FATALITY

took place at Bethnal-green last Sunday night. About half-past six Charles William Place, the manager of the College Arms, 414 Bethnal-green-road, was seated in his bar parlour with two friends, Robert Rowbottom and Walter Steele. Place, it seems, is a private in the 4th Middlesex (West London) Rifles, and showed his revolver to Steele, and then in fun pointed it at Rowbottom. He pulled the trigger, not knowing the weapon was loaded. A loud report followed, and then Rowbottom fell dead at his friend's feet. Place was taken into custody, and on Monday was charged at the Worship-street Police-Court, before Mr. Hannay, with causing the death of Rowbottom, and remanded.

A BRUTAL MURDER

was committed at East Lambrook, near Ilminster, Somerset, on Friday so-might, the victim being Martha Charles, aged fifty, a charwoman, living with her husband, who is old and feeble; and the alleged murderer, George Lye, a single man, about thirty.

SUICIDE ON THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY.

On the arrival of the 1.25 train at Brighton on Monday afternoon from London, the body of a well-dressed man was found in one of the compartments, the deceased having apparently shot himself with a revolver. A letter was found upon the body, signed "S. Everett," saying that the deceased contemplated committing suicide.

A GREENWICH SCANDAL.

At Greenwich last Saturday Mr. Montagu Williams sent the Rev. T. R. Smithson, who keeps a grammar school at Southsea, to prison for a month for assaulting Ernest Fowles, a professor of music, and threatening to shoot Mrs. Fowles.

RICHARD BRUCE, AN ACCOUNTANT, was, at Bow-street Police-Court last Saturday, charged, on remand, with embezzling upwards of £1400 from the School Board for London. He was committed for trial.

WINDSOR CASTLE.—The State apartments, the Albert Chapel, and the Round Tower at Windsor Castle were reopened on Monday, and will remain open on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, during the absence of the Court. The hours of admission are at present from eleven till three o'clock.

GENERAL BOUTLANDER has been returned at the head of the poll in the election of a deputy at Leam; but a second ballot was necessary, as the majority obtained is not an absolute one. The figures were—General Boulanger, 45,681; M. Doumer (Radical), 26,638; M. Jacquemart (Conservative), 24,470.

MR. IRVING'S RETURN.—Mr. Henry Irving last Saturday night made his farewell appearance with Miss Ellen Terry at the Star Theatre, New York, in "Othello," before a crowded audience. The company left at midnight in the Italian steamer City of Richmond for Liverpool, the steamer being kept waiting till then for them. Mr. Irving and Miss Terry arranged to start for home in the course of the week.

THANE SINGER OF AN ACTRESS.—One of the most distinguished actresses in Hungary, Madame De Pulsky, wife of M. Charles De Pulsky, a member of Parliament, has committed suicide at Buda-Pesth. The unfortunate lady first threw herself into the Danube, and, on being rescued and carried to her home, took poison. The affair is rendered additionally distressing by the fact that M. Charles De Pulsky is now lying ill in bed of a serious wound received in a recent duel.

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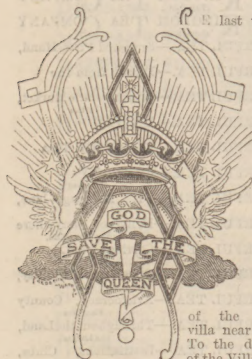
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OUR QUEEN AT FLORENCE.



last week presented our readers with a view of the Villa Palmieri itself. We now give a picture of the charming scenery here Majesty commands from the terrace of the beautiful villa near Florence. To the description of the Villa Palmieri

which has already appeared in *The Penny Illustrated Paper* we may add the particulars sent by the Florence Correspondent of the *Daily News*—

"The house was formerly the residence of Boccaccio during the plague, and has since been occupied by the Grand Duchess of Tuscany. It is in a beautiful situation between Florence and Fiesole, and has lovely grounds. The villa has only two storeys. The upper consists mostly of bed-rooms; but this part has been prepared for the Queen, who occupies a suite of five rooms

overlooking Florence and facing south. The only room on the ground-floor is the dining-room. First in the suite above comes the breakfast-room, then the saloon, containing some beautiful sandal-wood cabinets incrustated with lapis-lazuli, which belonged to the Grand Duchess of Tuscany. Next comes the Queen's dressing-room, then a room for her attendant, and at the further end the Royal bed-room. This is large, and lighted by three small windows. In the centre is the bed, which has been sent from London, with the mattresses, sheets, &c. The other furniture in this room is in walnut-wood. The rooms of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg are on the same floor, on the other side. Some of the rooms here, notably the grand central saloon, used for private theatricals, and one for a private chapel, are very handsome. There are but few pictures, but among them are two of the villa as it was at the time of Boccaccio, and a sixteenth-century fresco near the entrance hall represents him and scenes from the 'Decameron.'"

We gather from the special telegrams to the *Daily News*—ever the staunchest friend of Italy among the London newspapers—that all the Italian journals warmly welcomed the Queen upon her arrival at Florence on Saturday last. The Florence Correspondent of the *Daily News* said that—

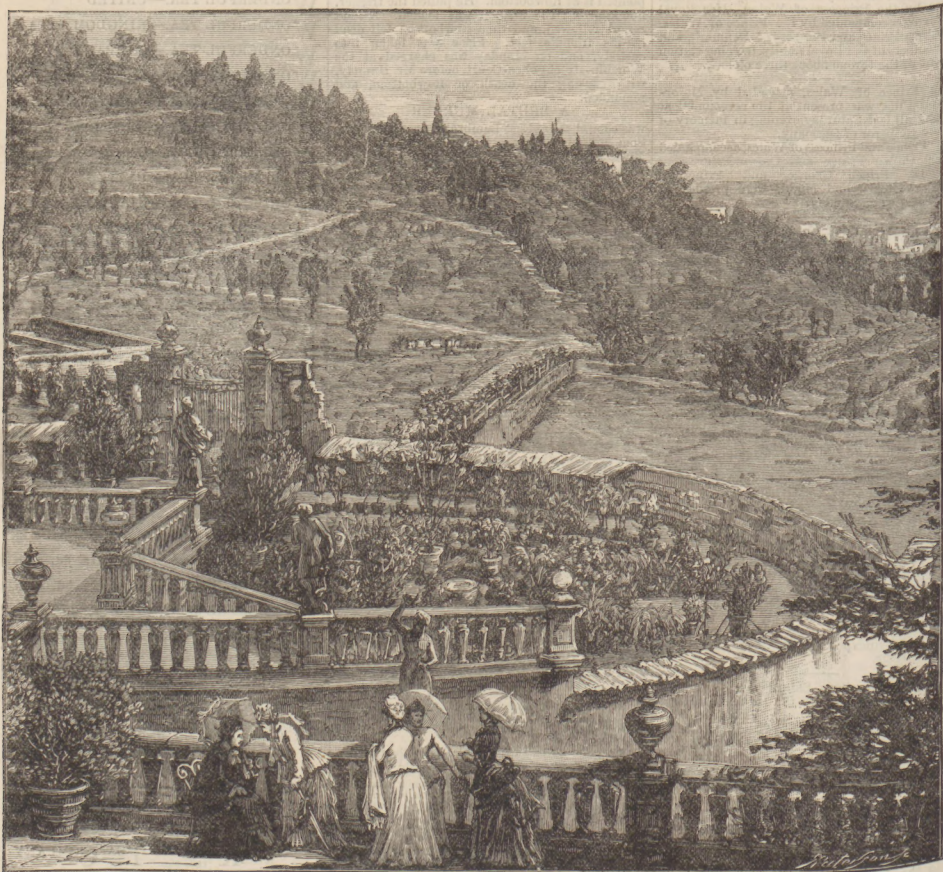
"The space the Queen traversed in walking from the train to the Royal carriage was hedged in by rows of plants and shrubs. A double line of Carabineers was also drawn up, and through these troops her Majesty passed. She then immediately entered an open carriage, and drove through the streets, which were thronged with people. Her Majesty looked well and in good

spirits, and was most warmly received by the populace. In the same carriage were Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. An outrider and a squadron of Carabineers rode in advance. The weather, just as her Majesty arrived, cleared up, and was brilliantly fine.

"The Queen evidently was much interested in the scene and in the preparations made in her honour. When the Royal carriage reached the cathedral square the bands stationed there struck up 'God save the Queen' amid the plaudits of the crowd. All along the route the throng was very dense, and clapping of hands from the Italians mingled with cheers from the English saluted the Royal cortège at all points. From outside the gate of the town, and along the road leading to the villa, many carriages and officers on horseback mixed with the crowd of peasants and country people.

"At the Villa the Queen was received by Lady Crawford and Marquis Ridolfi. Lady Crawford presented a bouquet in the drawing-room. A magnificent bouquet, tied with white satin ribbons, bordered by a gold fringe, and embroidered with the Queen's cipher and the city arms, was sent by the Municipality. In the evening the heights of Fiesole were illuminated. As a popular reception, spontaneous in its nature, nothing could have been better."

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh on Sunday morning paid a visit to the Queen, who also received Sir Savile Lumley. In the afternoon the Queen, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Beatrice took a drive. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh dined with her Majesty in the evening. We are glad to hear her Majesty has suffered no undue fatigue from her journey.



THE QUEEN'S EDEN NEAR FLORENCE. VIEW FROM THE TERRACE OF THE VILLA PALMIERI.



"A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT": "This," said Layelah, "is the way we have of escaping."

A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DARK MAIDEN LAYELAH.

LAYELAH was watchful of Almah; she seemed studying her to see how far this woman of another race differed from the Kosokin. She would often turn from me and talk with Almah for a long time, questioning her about her people and their ways. Almah's manner was somewhat reserved, and it was rendered somewhat more so from the fact that her mind was always full of the prospect of our impending doom. Each *jon* as it came and went brought us nearer to that awful time, and the hour was surely coming when we should be taken to the outer square and to the top of the pyramid of sacrifice.

Once Layelah sat for some time silent and involved in thought. At length she began to speak to me. "Almah," said she, "is very different from us. She loves you and you love her. She ought to give you up. Almah, you ought to give up Atam-or, since you love him."

Almah looked confused, and made some reply to the effect that she belonged to a different race with different customs.

"But you should follow our customs. You are one of us now. You can easily find another who will take him."

Almah threw a piteous glance at me and said nothing. "I," said Layelah, "will take him."

She spoke these words with an air of magnanimity, as though putting it in the light of a favour to Almah; but Almah did not make any reply, and after some silence Layelah spoke of something else.

Not long after we were alone together, and Layelah returned to the subject. She referred to Almah's want of sympathy with the manners of the Kosokin, and asserted that she ought to aim after a separation.

"I love her," said I, with great warmth, "and will never give her up."

"But she must give you up; it is the woman's place to take the first step. I should be willing to take you."

As Layelah said this she looked at me very

earnestly, as if anxious to see how I accepted this offer. It was for me a most embarrassing moment. I loved Almah, but Layelah also was most agreeable, and I liked her very much; indeed, so much so that I could not bear to say anything that might hurt her feelings.

"Atam-or," said she, in a low voice. "Layelah," said I, with my mind full of confusion. "I love you!"

She sat looking at me with her beautiful face all aglow, her dark eyes fixed on mine with an intense and eager gaze. I looked at her and said not one single word. Layelah was the first to break the awkward silence.

"You love Almah, Atam-or; but say, do you not love me? You smile at me, you meet me always when I come with warm greetings, and you seem to enjoy yourself in my society. Say, Atam-or, do you not love me?"

This was a perilous and a tremendous moment. The fact is, I did like Layelah very much indeed, and I wanted to tell her so; but my ignorance of the language did not allow me to observe those nice distinctions of meaning which exist between the words "like" and "love." I knew no other word than the one Kosokin word meaning "love," and could not think of any meaning "like." It was, therefore, a very trying position for me.

"Dear Layelah," said I, floundering and stammering in my confusion, "I love you; I!"

But here I was interrupted without waiting for any further words; the beautiful creature flung her arms around me and clung to me with a fond embrace. As for me, I was utterly confounded, bewildered, and desperate. I thought of my darling Almah, whom alone I loved. It seemed at that moment as though I was not only false to her, but as if I was even endangering her life. My only thought now was to clear up my meaning.

"Dear Layelah," said I, as I sat with her arms around me, and with my own around her slender waist, "I do not want to hurt your feelings."

"Oh, Atam-or! oh, my love! never, never did I know such bliss as this."

Here again I was overwhelmed, but I still persisted in my effort.

"Dear Layelah," said I, "I love Almah most dearly and most tenderly."

"Ah, Atam-or, why speak of that? I know it well, and so by our Kosokin law you give her up; among us lovers never marry. So you take me, your own Layelah, and you will have me for your bride; and my love for you is ten thousand times stronger than that of the cold and melancholy Almah. She may marry my papa. Dear papa," added she, "would make such a nice husband for Almah. He is a widower, you know. I could easily persuade him to marry her. He always does whatever I ask him to do."

"But victims cannot marry, you said." "No," said Layelah, sweetly, "they cannot marry one another; but Almah may marry dear papa, and then you and I can be married, and it will be all very nice indeed."

At this I started away. "No," said I, indignantly, "it won't be nice. I'm engaged to be married to Almah, and I'm not going to give her up."

"Oh, but she gives you up, you know," said Layelah, quietly.

"All this," said I, in a mournful tone, "is a mere mockery. What have I to say about love and marriage? If you loved me as you say, you would not laugh, but weep. You forget what I am. What am I? A victim, and doomed—doomed to a hideous fate—a fate of horror unutterable. You cannot even begin to imagine the anguish with which I look forward to that fate which impends over me and Almah. Marriage—idle word! What have I to do with marriage? What has Almah? There is only one marriage before us—the dread marriage with death! Why talk of love to the dying? The tremendous ordeal, the sacrifice, is before us, and after that there remains the hideous *Mista Kosok!*"

At this Layelah sprang up, with her whole face and attitude full of life and energy.

"I know, I know," said she, quickly, "I have arranged for all. Your life shall be saved. Do you think that I have consented to your death? Never! You are mine. I will save you. I will show you what we can do. You shall escape."

"Can you really save me?" I cried.

"I can."

"What! in spite of the whole nation?"

Layelah laughed scornfully.

"I can save you," said she. "We can fly. There

are other nations beside ours. We can find some land among the Goinj where we can live in peace. The Goinj are not like us."

"But Almah?" said I.
The face of Layeloh clouded.
"I can only save you," said she.
"Then I will stay and die with Almah," said I, obstinately.
"What!" said Layeloh, "do you not fear death?"
"Of course I do," said I; "but I'd rather die than lose Almah."

"But it's impossible to save both of you."
"Then leave me and save Almah," said I.
"What! would you give up your life for Almah?"
"Yes!" and a thousand times, said I.
"Why," said Layeloh, "now you talk just like the Kosokin. You might as well be one of us. You love death for the sake of Almah. Why not be more like the Kosokin, and seek after a separation from Almah?"

Layeloh was not at all offended at my declaration of love for Almah. She uttered these words in a lively tone, and then said that it was time for her to go.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FLYING MONSTER.

I retired to bed, but could not sleep. The offer of escape filled me with excited thoughts. These made sleep impossible, and as I lay awake I thought that perhaps it would be well to know what might be Layeloh's plan of escape, for I might then make use of it to save Almah.

On the following forenoon the Kohen Gadol and Layeloh came quite early and spent much time. I was surprised to see the Kohen Gadol devoting himself in an unusual fashion to Almah. It at once occurred to me that Layeloh had obtained her father's co-operation in her scheme, and that the old villain actually imagined that he could win the hand of Almah. To Almah herself I had said nothing whatever about the proposal of Layeloh, so that she was quite ignorant of the intentions of her companions; and it was excessively annoying to me to see such proceedings going on under my own eyes.

After Almah had left me Layeloh came again, and this time she was alone.

"I have come," said she, "to show you the way in which we can escape, whenever you decide to do so."

It was the thing above all others which I wished to know, and therefore I questioned her eagerly about it; but to all of my questions she only replied that she would show me, and I might judge for myself.

Layeloh led the way, and I followed her. We traversed long galleries and vast halls, all of which were quite empty. It was the sleeping-time, and only those were visible who had some duties which kept them up later than usual. Faint, twinkling lights but feebly illuminated the general gloom. At length we came to an immense cavern, which was darker than ever, and without any lamps at all.

Through a vast portal, which was closed with a barred gateway, the beams of the brilliant aurora penetrated and disclosed something of the interior. At length Layeloh stopped and peered through the gloom, while I stood waiting by her side, wondering what means of escape could be found in this cavern.

As I stood I heard through the still air the sound of his living things. For a time I saw nothing, but at length I discerned a vast, shadowy form moving forward toward the portal where the darkness was less. It was a form of portentous size and fearful shape, and I could not make out at first the nature of it. It surpassed all that I had ever seen. Its head was large and its jaws long, armed with rows of terrible teeth, like those of a crocodile. Its body was of a great size. It walked on its hind-legs, so as to maintain itself in an upright attitude, and in that position its height was over twelve feet. But the most amazing thing about this monster has yet to be told. As it walked its forearms waved and fluttered, and I saw descending from them what seemed like vast folded leathern wings, which shook and swayed in the air at every step. Its pace was about as fast as that of a man, and it moved with ease and lightness. It seemed like some enormous bat, or rather like a winged crocodile, or yet again like one of those monstrous dragons of which I had read, but in whose actual existence I had never believed. Yet here I saw one living and moving before me—an actual dragon, with the exception of a tail; for that appendage, which plays so great a part in all the pictures of dragons, had no place here. This beast had but a short caudal appendage, and all its terrors lay in its jaws and in its wings.

For a moment I stood almost lifeless with terror and surprise. Then I shrunk back, but Layeloh laid her hand on my arm.

"Don't be afraid," said she; "it's only an athaleb."

"But won't it—won't it bite?" I asked, with a shudder.

"Oh, no," said Layeloh, "it swallows its victims whole."

"At this I shrunk away still farther.

"Don't be afraid," said Layeloh again. "Its jaws are muzzled, and besides it's a tame athaleb. Its jaws are only unmuzzled at feeding-time. But this one is very tame. There are three or four others in here, and all as tame as I am. They all know me. Come up nearer; don't be afraid. These athalebs are easily tamed."

"How can such tremendous monsters be tamed?" I asked, in an incredulous tone.

"Oh! man can tame anything. The athalebs are very docile when they are taken young. They are very long-lived. This one has been in service here for a hundred seasons and more."

At this I began to regain my confidence, and as Layeloh moved nearer to the athaleb, I accompanied her. A nearer view, however, was by no means reassuring. The dragon-look of the athaleb was stronger than ever, for I could see that all its body was covered with scales. On its neck and back was a long ridge of coarse hair, and the sweep of its vast arms was enormous. It was with a quaking heart that I stood near; but the coolness of Layeloh reassured me, for she went close up, as a boy would go up to a tame elephant, and she stroked his enormous back, and the monster bent down his terrible head and seemed pleased.

"This," said Layeloh, "is the way we have of escaping."

"This!" I exclaimed doubtfully.

"Yes," said she. "He is trained to the service. We can mount on his back, and he will fly with us whenever I choose to guide him."

"What!" I exclaimed as I shrunk back—"fly! Do you mean to say that you will mount this hideous monster, and trust yourself to him?"

"Certainly," said Layeloh, quietly; "he is very docile. There is harness here with which we can guide him. Should you like to see him harness?"

"Very much indeed," said I.

Upon this Layeloh walked up to the monster and stroked his breast. The huge athaleb at once lay down upon his belly. Then she brought two long straps like reins, and fastened each to the tip of a projecting tip of each wing. Then she fastened a collar around his neck, to which there was attached a grappling-iron.

"We seat ourselves on his back," said Layeloh. "I guide with these reins. When we land anywhere I fasten him with the grapple. He looks dull now, but if I were to open the gate and remove his muzzle he would be like the rest."

"But can he carry both of us?" I asked.

"Easily," said Layeloh. "He can carry three persons without fatigue."

"Could you mount on his back now, and show me how you sit?"

Layeloh readily assented, and mounted with the greatest ease, seating herself on the broadest part of the back between the wings.

"Here," said she, "is room for you. Will you not come?"

(To be continued.)

NEW YORK'S "BLIZZARD."

LONDONERS, who are so greatly inconvenienced by an ordinary fall of snow, may well tremble at the thought of what would happen were the Metropolis to be overwhelmed by a "blizzard" such as blocked New York with snowdrifts in the middle of March. The world of troubles we should probably be plunged into under the existing dispensation ought to add to the weighty reasons why London residents should meet to quicken the settlement of municipal reform for London, as the Government purpose doing.

THE MEMORABLE SNOWSTORM.

whitened New York on Monday, March 12. As was promptly reported by the New York Correspondent of the *Daily News*, the "blizzard" began on the Sunday at midnight, and when the city awoke the streets were filled with huge banks of snow. The wind was blowing a gale; the air was so thick with snow that it was impossible to see for any distance. When people ventured into the streets the wind took away their breath, the snow blinded their eyes, and progress was almost a physical impossibility. Not a train, car, or omnibus was able to run.

THE ELEVATED RAILROAD.

which peculiar feature of New York forms one of our illustrations, attempted to run, but by eight o'clock was completely blocked. The trains were standing in lines, miles long, filled with impatient merchants, bankers, and brokers striving to get to town to business. It was difficult to realise for some time that a great city could be made so helpless. Passengers got into the cars for three or four hours, hoping to be able to proceed. The wind blew so hard that it shook the railway carriages, and caused the whole structure to tremble. Long after the hope of getting on had gone, the passengers

DISORDERED STOMACH AND BILIOUS ATTACKS.—A Gentleman writes:—"Dec. 27, 1887. After twelve months' experience of the value of the 'Vegetable Mito' I unhesitatingly recommend their use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so gentle, and yet so effective, that nothing equals them in my opinion. They have never failed to give me relief. I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction with a small glass of Eno's 'Fruit Salt.'—Yours gratefully, One who knows." Eno's "Vegetable Mito," of all Chemists. Price 1s. 1d.; post-free, 1s. 2d.—ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, LONDON, S.E.—[Advt.]

hesitated to leave the cars, because the blinding snow made the task of reaching home not only difficult but dangerous. They ventured out by twos and threes, ploughing their way through drifts which stood from five to ten feet deep along the Fifth Avenue, Broadway, and all the great thoroughfares to the nearest hotels and club houses. When they reached them their hair and beards were masses of ice and snow, making them look like visitors from the Arctic regions. Here and there cabs were seen, with horses covered with sleet and the drivers almost blinded with the snow, struggling to make headway. Only a few people succeeded in reaching their business places. About twenty men were at the Stock Exchange at the hour of opening, and the Exchange adjourned, deliveries to be made the next day. None of the other Exchanges transacted business. The banks were not opened. The *Times* Correspondent went on to say that "the workmen dig out snowpits corpses are found in them of."

PERSONS FROZEN TO DEATH.

standing in the streets where the snow overcame them. Twenty-one lives are already reported to have been lost in New York, twenty-four deaths in and near New Jersey, four near Hartford, seven at Newhaven, and twenty-six in and near Fairhaven, Connecticut."

THREE THOUSAND MEN AND ONE THOUSAND HORSES, carts, and trucks worked throughout the night in New York clearing a passage through the centre of Broadway, where the snow lay from 6 ft. to 10 ft. deep, and also to the ferries.

SOME OF THE AMERICAN TELEGRAMS.

sent to the *Times* were transmitted to London via Chicago, Montreal, and Sydney, Cape Breton, and thence to the cables.

THE FOOD SUPPLY.

ran short till the snow was removed. Baron Reuter's agent said on March 14:—"Owing to the shortness of the supply, milk is being sold in some places at fifty cents per quart. The poor are suffering owing to the absence of coal, which is plentiful enough, but it cannot be moved owing to the snow."

THE "NEW YORK HERALD" OF THE 13TH INST. said:—"A great white hurricane roared all day through New York yesterday, and up and down the comfortable city into a wild and bewildering waste of snow and ice. Imagination cannot picture the extraordinary scenes that have taken place in the metropolis during the last twenty-four hours to one who has not looked at them. No one living can remember such a storm in the city. All business was abandoned, and the snow drifted in mountains against miles and miles of closed business houses. Men and women were thrown about like straws, and many had to be dug out of the vast drifts. Wall-street looked like an icy gulch in Montana, and thirty lonely brokers shivered in the empty Stock Exchange. Carry-boys were blown helplessly up and down the North and East rivers in the shrieking tempest, and no vessel dared to enter the storm-smitten harbour. A horror of darkness deepened over the crowded city, and the terror-stricken population cowered at the awful sound which came from the throat of the whirlwind. It started at about midnight. A gentle rain had been plashing on the pavements for several hours. Gradually it turned into a wet snow, and the gutters ran slush. The wind began to rise, and the thermometer fell rapidly. Suddenly the whole city seemed to tremble as the storm swept down upon it with a grandeur and power that are indescribable. Down came the snow in twisted torrents, till the sidewalks were buried under the drifts."

We congratulate our American friends on their raising of the Siege in a few days. The lesson of the "Blizzard" to large cities generally is obvious.

"MYRA'S CROCHET LESSONS," as comprised in a brightly illustrated little hand-book bearing the above title, should be of use in every family of girls. As the popular "Myra" claims, the instructions are simple and clear, and the numerous Coloured Engravings of crochet work add to the value of this capital guide, which is published by Myra and Son, 40, Bedford-street, Covent-garden, for a shilling.

RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.—Singapore, Engine-Drivers, Porters, and others, who have frequently long intervals of work between meals, should drink CAUSEY'S Cocoa. It contains no sugar, and is most refreshing, during long spells of work. Beware of imitations.—[Advt.]

TORACONISTS COMMENCING.—For advice how to open remuneratively from any amount, however small or large. See Illustrated Catalogue, post-free.—LESTER FRITH'S, 30, Houndsditch, London. Established sixty years. Oldest and cheapest house in the World.—[Advt.]

The Plangoer.



first wel-
come heli-
day of the
year for
London's
busy bees
comes on
G o o d
Friday, y,
when it is
the ration-
al custom
for thou-
sands to
repair to
the Crystal
Palace to
listen with
delight to
the Grand
Sacred
Concert,
conducted
by Mr.
M a n n a.
T h e

awakening
Management offer a great musical treat, the chief
vocalists engaged being Mesdames Nordica and
Hayley, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Miss Anna
Williams. At 8 1/2, James's Hall on Good Friday
evening Rosini's "Statut Mater" and other
sacred works are to be sung by the South London
Choral Association, the leading pieces falling to
the lot of Mr. Santley and Mrs. Hutchinson,
Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Henry Pyatt, and
Madame Patey, whose magnificent contralto
voice ever affords the infinite pleasure. The
Monday novelty at the Crystal Palace will be
produced by that masterly Musical Director
and Stage Manager, Mr. Oscar Barrett;
and will consist of a new burlesque of
Hogias Jerrold's naval drama, called by
the writer, Mr. Horace Lennard, in imi-
tation of the title of Mr. Charles Coburn's
popular ditty, "Two Lovely Black Eyed Susan."
The capital company engaged comprises those
favourite burlesque actresses, Misses Fanny
Leslie and Dot Mario, with Miss Madge Seymour,
Mr. Frank Wood, Dan Leno, and other capable
artists.

Tom theatre-goers will flock in largest numbers
to Drury-Lane, where Mr. Augustus Harris (who
was presented by Mr. Herbert Campbell on be-
half of the company with a piece of plate on the
last night of his grandest and most successful
pastime, "Puss in Boots") will, on Saturday
night, revive the triumphant racing drama of
"A Run of Luck," bound to be well acted by
Misses Mary Nicholls, Mr. Herbert Standing,
Misses Hand Milton, Fortescue, Edith Bruce,
Marie Williams, Mr. Victor Stephens, and other
artists—not to dwell on the real race-horses
engaged in the real race at Goodwood with which
the stirring play by Mr. Henry Pettitt and Mr.
Harris concludes with such animation.

At the popular Adelphi, Messrs. A. and S.
Gatti are still playing the bright and picturesque
melodrama of "The Bells of Hasmonea," by
Mr. Sydney Grundy and Mr. H. Pettitt, by
thronged and highly appreciative audiences,
which follow the love-troubles of handsome
Squire Terriss and pretty Miss Millward, and
admire the magnificent scenery of Mr. Bruce
Smith with unabated zest. Before and after the
play, the Brothers Gatti provide theatre-goers
with the best of refreshment at the handsome and
cool Adelaide Restaurant, deservedly a favourite
dining and supping place.

That supremely artistic Actor-Manager, Mr.
H. Beer-Holm - Tree, undeniably one of the
very greatest character-creators we have, has
and will put his best foot forward in the new
comedy he has most sympathetically and beautifully
mounted, and announces for production on the
current Saturday night—"The Pompadour,"
by Mr. Sydney Grundy and Mr. W. G. Willis,
with ballets of the period arranged by Katti
Lamster, and with a superbly brilliant repre-
sentation of the gay life of the dissipated French
Court.

The Globe, closed during Passion Week,
reopens on Saturday, when Mr. Wilson Barrett
will give a performance as well as the evening per-
formance of the romantic and interesting drama

of "The Golden Ladder," by Mr. G. R. Sims
and Mr. Barrett; once more engrossing London
with the vivid scenes of prize life at Millbank,
with the patriotic episodes at Madagascar, with
the strongly sympathetic acting of Mr. Wilson
Barrett and Miss Eastlake, and the genuine
humour with which Mr. George Barrett delivers
the laughter-lifting comedy lines of Mr. Sims
(which clever dramatist, by-the-way, should
utilise his recent success experience by writing
a new and original and thoroughly representative
Turf drama). At Mr. Wilson Barrett's former
house, the Princess's, Miss Grace Hawthorne
still relies on the exciting Melbourne play, "The
Mystery of a Hansom Cab."

The Lyceum was last Saturday night the scene
of great enthusiasm among that most fascinating
and beautiful of American gentlemen, Miss
Mary Anderson, whose talented impersonations
of Hermione and Perdita had secured for Shak-
speare's "Winter's Tale" the unprecedented
run of 166 performances, and who smilingly and
modestly and sweetly replied to the chorus of
hearty calls at the fall of the curtain on the
grandly impressive statue tableau by sincerely
thanking her admirers for their unbounded
support, raising a particularly warm resposive
cheer when she announced that she would
probably return to the Lyceum in a year or so in
another of Shakespeare's plays. Miss Anderson's
skilful and urbane manager, Mr. C. J. Abud, had
also a well-merited call. Pending Mr. Irving's
reappearance, "Faust" with Miss Ellen Terry
on April 14, Miss Genevieve Ward has taken the
Lyceum for a week, "opening" with "Forget-
me-Not" on Easter Monday.

I am requested to say that Mrs. Bernard Beer
has this week gone to Paris to consult the eminent
French dramatist who is writing a new play for
her, and that she reopens the Opera Comique
with "Ariane" on Easter Monday.

Look out for much fun and frolic this coming
Easter at the Strand Theatre, where the divert-
ing drollery of Mr. Willie Edolin and Miss Alice
Atherton in "Kati" is to be supplemented by the
burlesque that arch-humourist, Mr. F. C.
Burnand, has written on "Ariane," and entitled
"Airey Anne."

The Standard Theatre is bound to be crowded
on Saturday night, the attraction being a special
benefit performance of "Money" for that ad-
mirable actress and charming lady, Miss Amy
Steinberg.

Mr. A. W. Pinero owes so much to the Press that
it was singularly impolitic and
ungrateful of him to attempt to
put a slight on an influential
section of the Press last week,
when his new domestic drama,
"Sweet Lavender," was pro-
duced at Terry's Theatre, the
management of which exhibited
similar want of judgment in
falling in with his whim.
"Sweet Lavender" has this
in common with other of Mr.
Pinero's recent pieces: that it
shows Mr. Pinero is an assiduous student of
Dickens and Thackeray for dramatic purposes.
The main lines of "Sweet Lavender" are
also strongly suggestive of Tom Robertson's
"Caste": the whisky-loving Dick Phenyl
hearing a certain likeness to the tipping Eccles.
This part of Phenyl, a shabby barrister broken
down by drink, but a very good-hearted fellow,
made a most amusing character by Mr. Edward
Terry, whose amusing creation contributes mainly
to the success of the little play. The plot
turns on the old, old theme of a well-to-do
young-fellow, a budding barrister, Clement Hale,
who shares Dick Phenyl's chambers in the
Temple, falling in love with a girl beneath him
in station. The adored one is "Sweet
Lavender," daughter of Ruth Ruth, care-taker
of the chambers. It is plain at the outset
that Ruth Ruth of the pale and anxious face is a
woman with a history. This turns out to be her



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W. (corner of Rathbone-place). [Advrt.]

unhappy love affair with a rich banker, Geoffrey
Wedderburn, many years previously—an illicit
union which resulted in the birth of a daughter,
the "Sweet Lavender" who gives the title to the
play. Now, it chanced that Wedderburn has
adopted Clement as his son; and, when he hears
of Clem's attachment for the poor girl, he would
break off the match; but relents when he is
plunged into misfortune by the failure of his
bank, and, broken in health, has had to struggle
by being brought face to face with death, who
generously offers to nurse the man who had
wrecked her life. Good-natured Dr. Delaney
brings about this meeting, which causes the
better nature of Wedderburn to triumph—and
induces him, it is to be hoped, to repair his
wrong by marrying Ruth, though the author,
singularly enough, omits to state that this act of
poetical justice will actually take place. Enough
for him that he has joined the hands of Clement
and Lavender, and caused bewitching Minnie
Giffillan (whom Wedderburn wished Clement to
wed) to pair off with her devoted American lover.
See "Sweet Lavender" and laugh your fill at the
quaint oddities of Mr. Edward Terry as Dick
Phenyl; and be completely charmed by the fresh
young beauty, bright nativeness, and winsome
grace of Miss Maude Millet as Minnie Giffillan.
Had dainty Miss Millet been cast as Sweet
Lavender, and Miss Rose Norreys as Minnie, the
piece would have gone much better than it did.
One of the very best of character creations,
clever Mr. Alfred Bishop, made up to closely re-
semble Thackeray, is excellent as Dr. Delaney. So
is Mr. F. Kerr as Horace Bream, a true realisation
of "Mr. Barnes, of New York." Mr. Bernard
Gould is duly earnest as Clement; and Mr.
Brandon Thomas sufficiently aged as the grey-
haired butler, Miss Al. A. Victor gives the
point to the fussiness of Mrs. Giffillan; and Miss
Carolina Addison imparts so much dignified
sorrow to careworn Ruth that it grates on one
to see a melodramatic barber pay court to her.
This unnecessary part of the barber interferes
with the sentiment of "Sweet Lavender," which
would be more fragrant without it. The strength
of the cabinet drama lies in the richly humorous
creation of Mr. Edward Terry, and in the
alluring grace and beauty of Miss Maude Millet,
an ideal heroine for domestic comedy.

I have already noted the début of the charm-
ing and clever prima donna, Madame Julia
Gaylord, in the provinces as a bright and cap-
tivating actress in a new play, called "Lillie."
This talented lady achieved a marked success last
Saturday night at the Royal, Middleborough, as
the heroine of a fresh domestic drama, "Madge,"
by Mr. Frank Rogers.

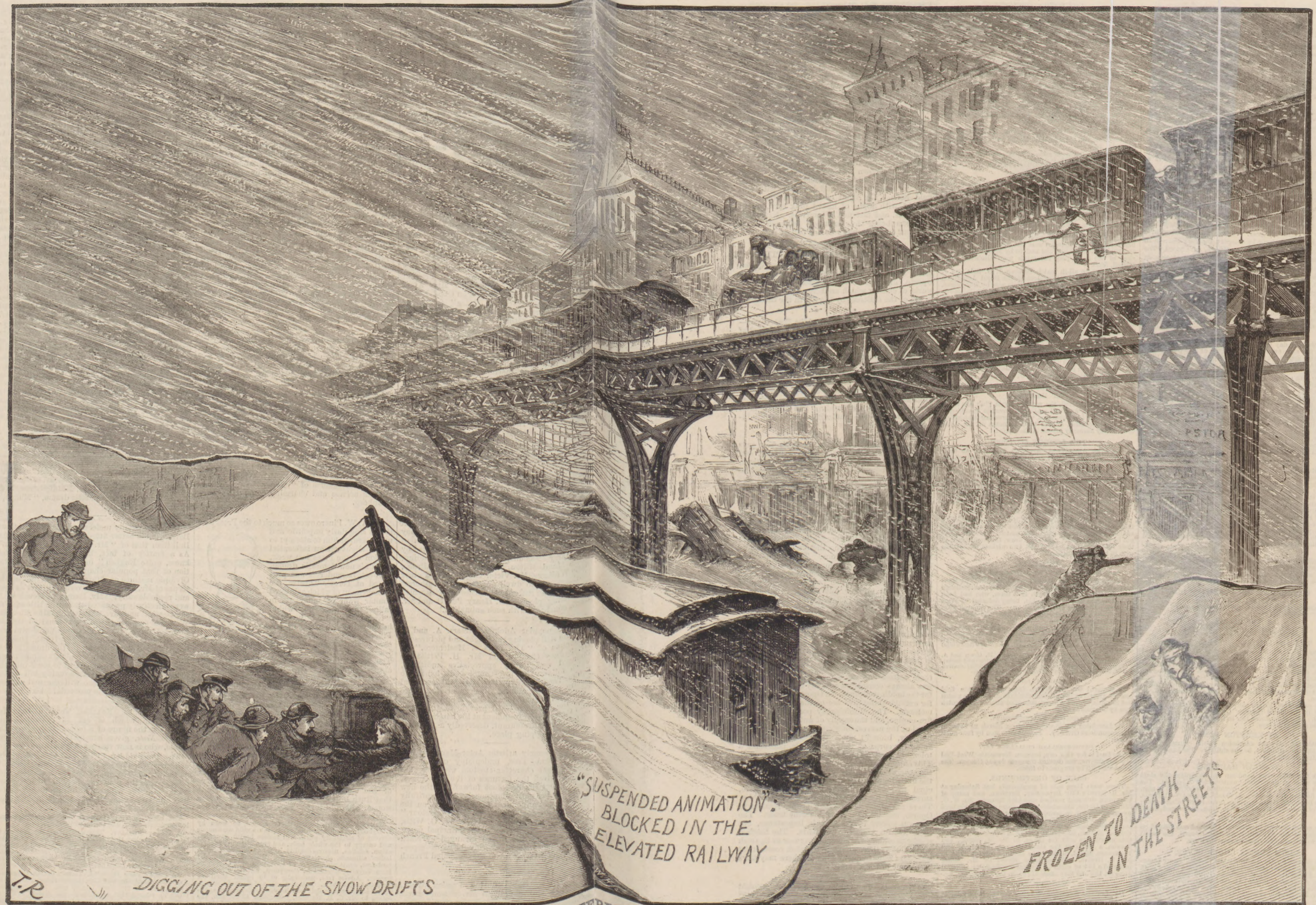
It will be readily understood that Mr. Rutland
Barrington is better fitted to fill the part of John
Bull than that of "Mr. Barnes, of New York."
As a matter of fact, he was "English, you
know, quite English" in his solid interpreta-
tion of that popular character of fiction at the
Olympic matinee on March 23, when the salient
scenes of Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter's clever
and readable story, "Mr. Barnes, of New York,"
were effectively presented under the title of "To
the Death," and Mr. Willard and Miss Florence
West and sparkling Miss Jessie Bond played the
Countess, the vendetta-queen Maria and
Maud Charistothelie. "To the Death," indeed,
has so powerful a prologue in the dramatic duel
in Corsica, and so strong a vendetta dénouement,
that I should not be surprised to see it take the
place of "Christina" in the evening bill at the
Olympic. But what share will the real author,
Mr. Gunter, have in the proceeds? Eh?

CLARA LOUIS KELLGRO wears a beautiful
brooch, in which is set in diamonds and
amethysts the figure of a horse. It was, says the
Chicago News, given her by the Duke of New-
castle, who is now visiting in America.

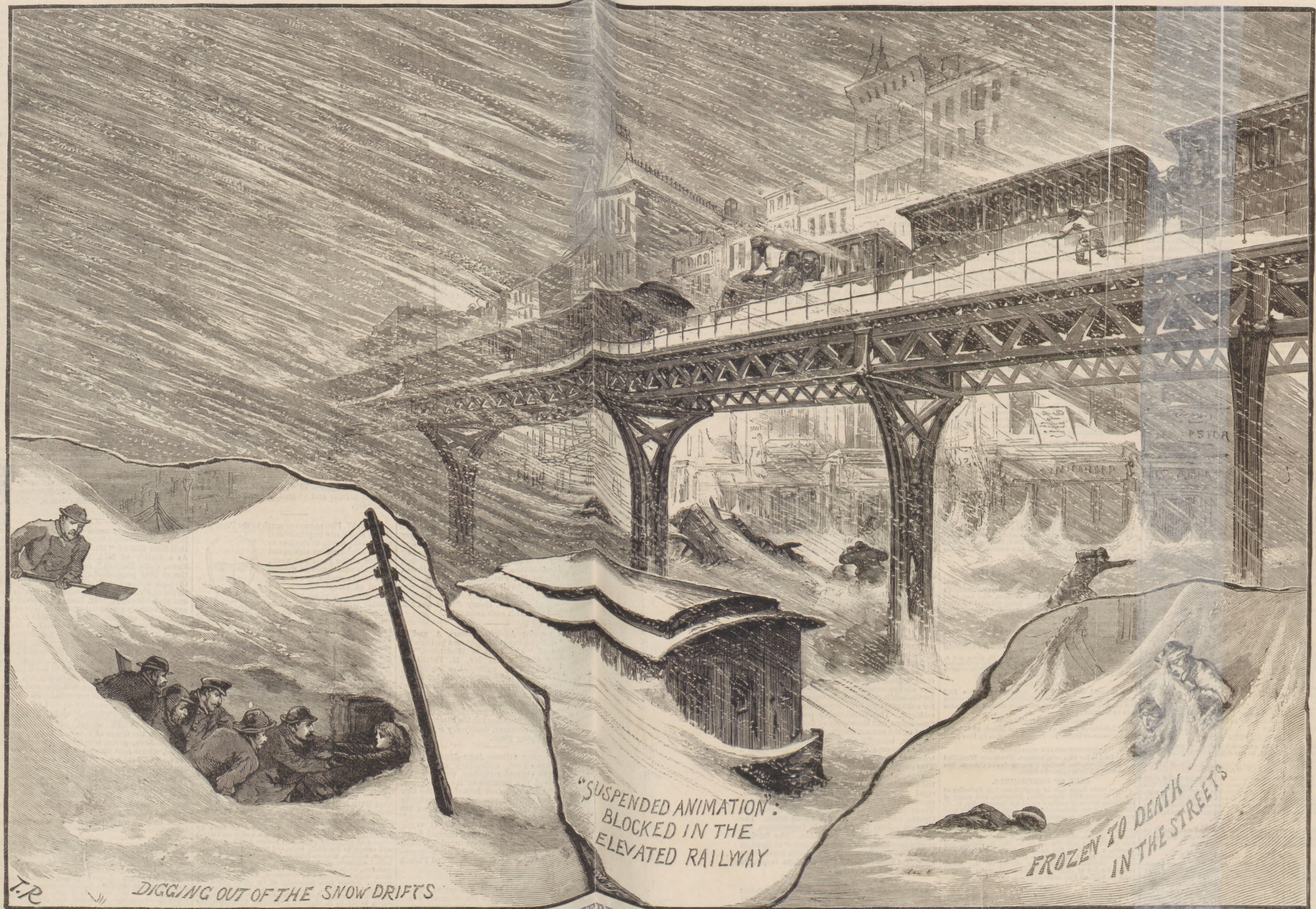
THE PONY ridden by the late Prince Imperial
of France when he received his "baptism of fire"
at Saarbruck has just come to a sudden end.
After Sedan the pony was bought by a German
baron, and was kept on his estate at Silesia for
his children to ride. Last week it broke its leg
and had to be shot.

THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS in the London Excise col-
lection number 7872, and the bootmakers 3031.
A HEAVY PENITENT. It is situated by Nature to
those who neglect their teeth, in the shape of toothache,
neuritis, and indigestion; therefore keep them sound and
white by the daily use of Rowland's Odonto, a pure,
fragrant, and non-gritty tooth powder. Ask anywhere for
Rowland's Odonto. [Advrt.]

A SIMPLE FACT ABOUT KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.
Ask throughout the world, in any country that can be
named, you will find them largely sold. There is abso-
lutely no remedy that is so speedy in giving relief, so
certain to cure, and yet the most delicate and safe.
One Lozenge gives ease. Sold in 1/3d. Tins. [Advrt.]



LESSON FOR LONDONERS: THE TERRIBLE "BLIZZARD" THAT BLOCKED NEW YORK.



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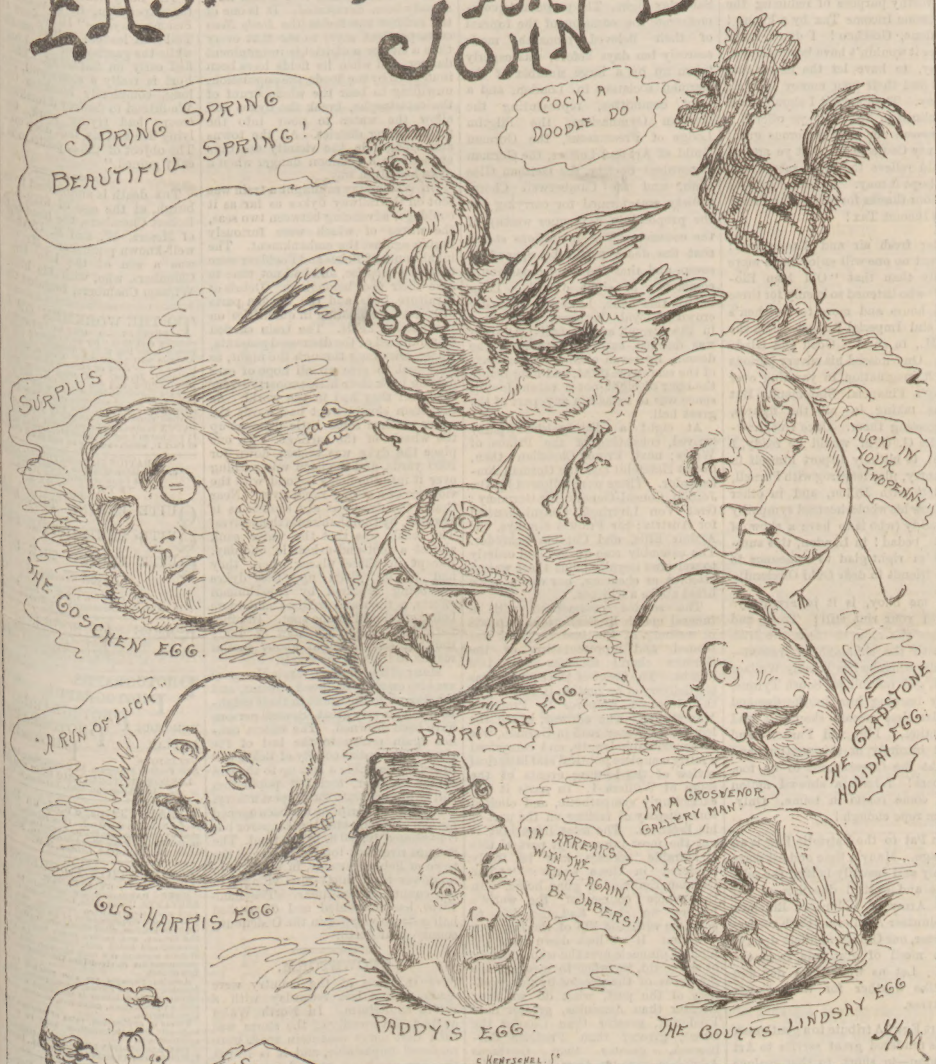


THE PRINCE OF WALES AT SANDRINGHAM: AT WORK IN HIS STUDY.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT SANDRINGHAM: THE PRINCE'S BOWLING ALLEY.

EASTER EGGS FOR JOHN BULL.



THE SHOWMAN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—
Hooley for the Easter Holidays! Lords and Commons, pious, and peasants, citizen and Chancellor of the Exchequer, all welcome Master. Hearken to the "Cock-a-doodle-do!" of our Premier bird at Hatfield. Well may the

Salisbury cock crow lustily! Doesn't he see and hear the farmyard hen clucking at the idea of County Councils ruling the roost? Doesn't he know his rule at Downing-street is secure whilst the Liberal Unionist flock are content to let him fatten on the loaves and fishes of office (and he is a wee bit too fleshy for health's sake) on condition that he carries out their reforms? None can dispute it!

Friends, our eggstraordinary winter is aptly followed by an ovation—of Easter Eggs, the seasonable toy-gifts first introduced into London by Mr. Cremer, jun., of Regent-street.

Let's first chip the Goschen Egg. 'Twas well worth the chipping on Monday. For it disclosed a Budget Surplus for the coming year of £2,377,000! What did he do with it! Why, it must in fairness be admitted Georgey Goschen tried his best to readjust Taxation, Imperial and Local, so as to give the greatest relief to the greatest number. He deserves our praise and admiration for that. He first gave away the greater part of his splendid Surplus to endow the projected County Councils with, so to speak. He then ran up and down columns of figures with the ease Mr. Bertram displays in manipulating packs of cards. He imposed taxes on carts and carriages, and horses—causing a ripple of laughter by

c. H. K. S. P. 1



[REGISTERED DESIGN.]

HIS MOTHER'S LECTURE.

You naughty child, it drives me wild to see the stains your coat displays!
When will you learn to shown concern for tidy looks and cleanly ways?

Or make a meal from off a seal, and yet keep decent paws and face?
You'll have to mend, or else you'll end by bringing shame upon our race!

What's that you cry? "Soap in your eye!" There, gracious me, don't howl and dance!

You silly cub, how could I scrub you white, but for the happy chance Which breaks to clips the luckless ships that dare in Polar seas to grope,

And with them bring that priceless thing—Imperial Cold Water Soap!

You've heard the tale, that men who hail from southern climes and sunny shores
Are strong and bold to brave the cold, yet have no thick white fur like yours!

'Mid frost and ice, still clean and nice they keep—through this grand soap of theirs.

And surely, then, what's good for men is good for dirty little bears.
When you shall be grown up, like me, and have your course in life to steer,

By fortune kind, mayhap you'll find some vessel lost and stranded here!
Then look, and you will bring to view Imperial Soap of Lawson's make!

But, though I hope you'll seize the Soap—oh! spare the crew, for Lawson's sake.

IMPERIAL COLD WATER SOAP

(REGISTERED)

IS UNSURPASSED FOR ALL HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES,
BECAUSE

It lathers freely in hot, cold, hard, soft, or sea water.

It removes all stains or dirt easily and quickly.

It cannot injure any material, of however fine a texture.

It does not turn oily or rancid with keeping.

It needs no Soap Powder or any such so-called aids to do its work.

It is pleasant as a bath or toilet Soap.

It wears well, and is the cheapest Soap to buy.

Messrs. LAWSON, PHILLIPS, and BILLINGS feel sure that if you will ask your Grocer for a pound and give it a trial, you will find that it possesses all the good qualities stated above, and that it will be to your advantage to continue to use it.

LAWSON, PHILLIPS, & BILLINGS,

MARSH SOAP WORKS, BRISTOL.

MAKERS OF ALL KINDS OF LAUNDRY, HOUSEHOLD, AND TOILET SOAPS.

OBTAINABLE OF ALL GROCERS, OILMEN, AND RETAIL VENDERS.

LONDON AGENT—W. B. TULLOCH, 5, PHILPOT-LANE, LONDON, E.C.